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Aiderman Rooney at the Cable Banquet - 1866.



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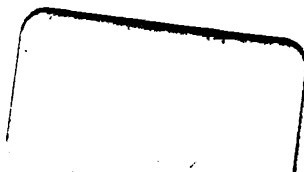
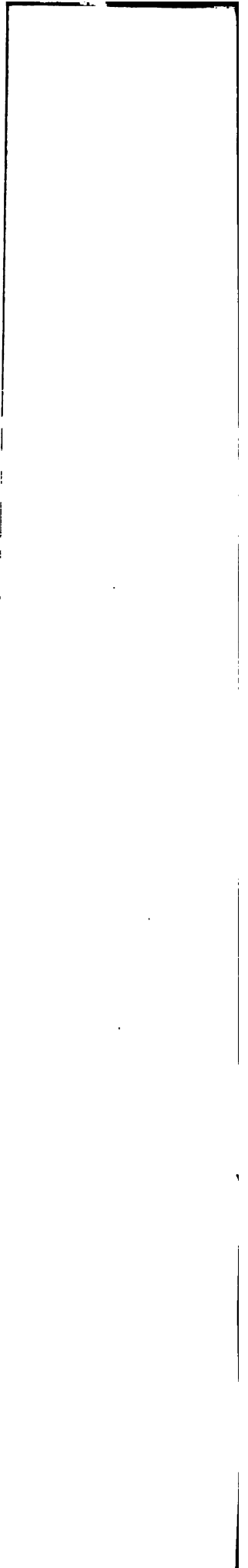
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Eng:



Alderman Rooney

AT THE



"Hurrah for Cyrus! may he inspire us!
God bless the power that the toilers wield!
Hurrah for Freedom! and as we need 'em,
God send us workin' like Cyrus Field!"

CABLE BANQUET.

NEW-YORK:

THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY, Nos. 119 and 121 NASSAU STREET.

1867.

DE GARMO'S
DANCING ACADEMIES,

No. 82 Fifth Avenue, New-York.

No. 303 Chapel Street, New-Haven.

Classes Open from October 1st to May 1st.

ALDERMAN ROONEY

AT THE

CABLE BANQUET:

AN IMPROVISED EPIC

BY HIMSELF.

"He sings the story of Cyrus' glory,
When he up and tould of his labor dun;
When calves were kilt, oh! and claret split, too,
And the City Fathers did bliss their son."

The Aitim and Ohrinkin and Spaykin and Toasts.

EDITED BY D. O'C. T.

Illustrations by Magrath. Engraved by Davis & Speer.

New-York:
AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY, PUBLISHERS.

—
1866.

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FROM
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DIDICATID,

WIDOUT PARMISHUN.

TO THE

Members of the Chamber of Commerce,

AND THE

PUBLIC GENERALLY.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

If I'm not decayed in you, you'll hear from me agin

Your friend and Counster,

MICHAEL ROONEY,
= Alderman.

ROONEYVILLE, Decimber 1st, 1866.

THE
Improbised Epic of Alderman Rooney.

"Conticuere omnes, intentique ora tenebant.
Inde toro pater Eneas sic orsus ab alto."

THE ALDERMAN PHILOSOPHIZES.

EXPAYRIENCE praiches, and practis taiches
To poet *nashter* or to poet *fit*;
That writin's aisy whin subjects please ye,
And words convaynient to wrap up the wit.
If rhyme wid raison, always in saison,
Will but flow to me in graceful shtrame,
I'll tell the story of Cyrus' glory,
For never janius had nobler thame.

TO sing his payshins, whin, short of rayshins,
He axed for bread and recayved a stone,
Is not my mishun, I've odher fish in
The pan to fry, so lave that alone.
Nor do I mane to sing out a pane to
The will of iron that spanned the say;
Far betther able the throbbin cable
To praise its masther thin poet's lay.

PREFATIAL.

FOR this a task wor itself would ask for
A year to sing it—that wondhrous plan,
Which binds togedher wid iron tedher
The thruest intherests and the hopes of man;
Which spakes alowd to the aigur crowd too—
The sperit slaves on the Aistern side,
Presarve your lamps now, from midnight dampes
now,
The bridegroom's comin to meet the bride.

MY song's the story of Cyrus' glory,
Whin he up and tould of his labor dun;
Whin calves were kilt, oh! and claret spilt, too,
And the City Fadhers did bliss their son;
Who not in tatthers did meet his *paters*,
(The Latin's useful whin you want a rhyme,)
But, rich wid honnors from fifty donors,
He won the race wid ould Fadher Time.

LIKE Asmodayus, whin none can see us,
We poets watch ye at good and ill;
Nor bars nor bolts, or revolvin' coltser
Can shtop the janius that won't be still.
No club so pryvate we cannot hyve at,
No assignayshin we may not keep;
No nest of beauty, oh! plaisin duty,
Or lady's boodwar we may not peep.



"So, shure enough, wid my wife in buff hid,
 And me in a dhress-coat black as ink,
 Cupid an Psycky, she and her Mickey,
 Wint to see and hear all, and ate and dhrink."

THE RESOLUTION AND DEPARTURE.

"I have not a word to say to you, my dear
friend, but I am sure you will be able to
understand my feelings. I am sure you will
be able to understand my feelings. I am sure
you will be able to understand my feelings. I am
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THE RESOLUTION AND DEPARTURE.

AND so last weak whin I heard them spake in
The Commerce Chamber, of what they'd do
To show their joy to the darlin boy, who
Had marryd the ould world onto the new—
Sed I, aside, By the good Saint Bride, I
Will honner Cyrus if I live so long!
And the grate evint so will into print go
In dethless sthrains of a poet's song.

WHIN it wint round how no hundherd pound now
Could buy a pass for an alderman;
My wife, a while in, sed to me smilin,
“We'll go, my darlin, jist to show we can.”
Sez I, “My luv, wur the 'mortal Jove for
To put out Mayor and the Counslers all,
Wid nare a ticket *we'll* pass the picket
And plump in the best sate in the hall.”

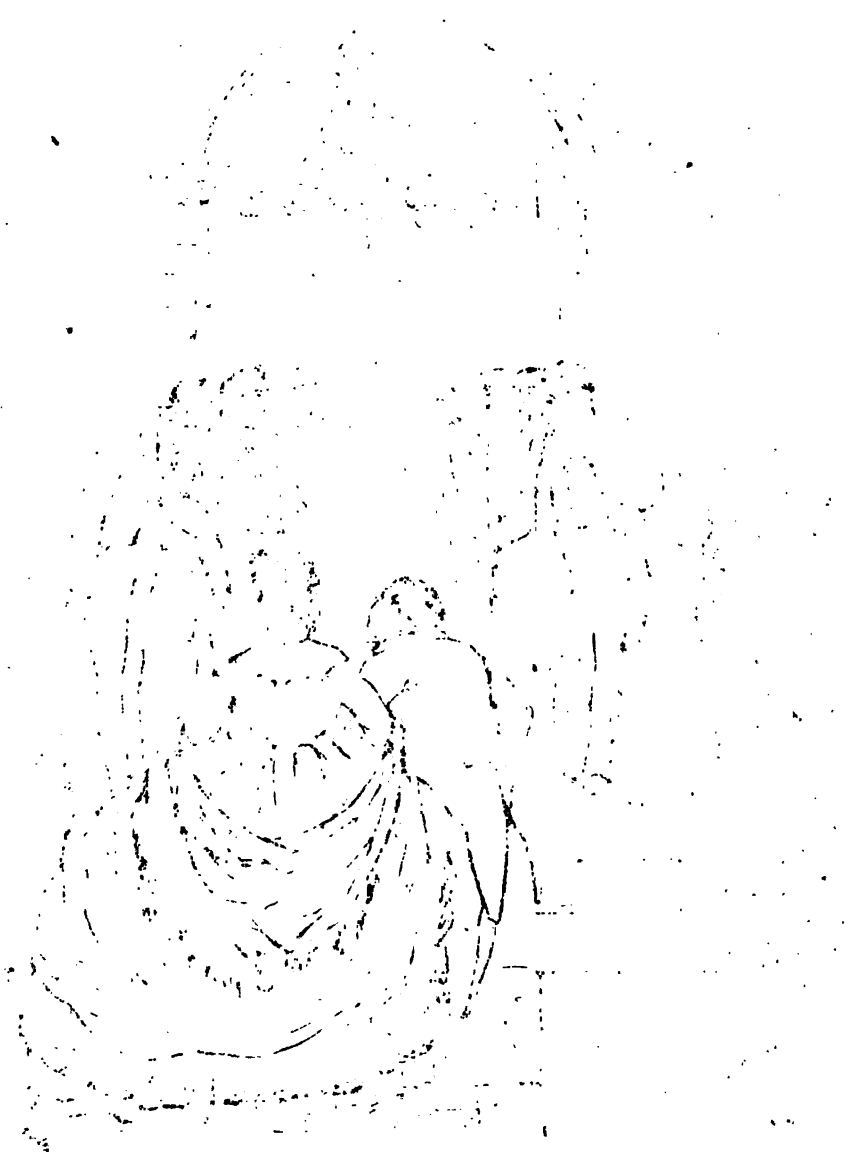
SO, shure enough, wid my wife in buff hid,
And me in a dhress-coat black as ink,
Cupid an Psycky, she and her Mickey,
Wint to see and hear all, and ate and dhrink.
Broadway was jamd so, and futpath cramd so,
There scarce was room fur our coach to go;
But soon the rackit brot Capten Brackit,
Who cleered the way to the portico.

THE RECEPTION.

AND ther the Leelins wid burstin feelins
Shtud on the shteps in the peltin rain,
And bowd as grand as, and shmiled as bland as
If Mickel Rooney wor the king of Spane.
The Police Inspecthor and Port Collecthor
Stud on aich side as we boulted in ;
“As sunny wether,” said both togedher,
“Yer welkim, Rooney! shuv out yer fin.”

THIN Mister Smyth did lade in my wife, wid
A gracefull aise that was mighty fine,
And John A. K. wid myself the way thrid
Through crowds of polis drawd up in line.
Thus through the throng thin we passed along, whin
We kem at last to the bankwit hall,
Wher waitin spoonies sung out, “The Rooneys!”
And flung the doore hard agin the wall.

THEY cheerd us lowdly—we intherd proudly,
And gazed wid rapture around the room,
Till Missis Rooney grew rather swooney,
Wid exciss of joy and the sthrong parfume;
But Missis Low thin, and Haryit Stowe thin
Kem runnin forrid wid a hundherd more,
And sed, “My deers yer as welkim here sure
As shaves of corn to a thrashin floore.”



10. After the Death of the King, the
King's body was laid out in the
city of London as a public spectacle.
11. Michelangelo's 'The King of David'.



"And ther the Leelins wid burstin feelins
 Stud on the stepes in the peltin rain,
 And bowd as grand as, and smiled as bland as
 If Mickel Rooney wor the king of Spane."

HIS DESCRIPTION.

W O as my Psykey wint from her Mickey,
In clouds of beauty and rustlin silk,
I blissd the faces where smiled the graces,
And roses shwam in a say of milk.
And thin alone Mike, as from his throne like
Balshazzur looked on the Bankwit hall,
In wondhrous maze too I there did gaze too
On heavenly simbals along the wall.

T HERE hung the Shtars, and the planet Mars, and
An olive branch in his opin mouth.
Joopther and Juno, the Sun and Moon, oh !
And sthramers wavin from North and South ;
And down below there swung too and fro there,
The big round world wid an irin zoan ;
To which ther came in, wid lines a flaymin,
The songs of Shtars in a tundher tone.

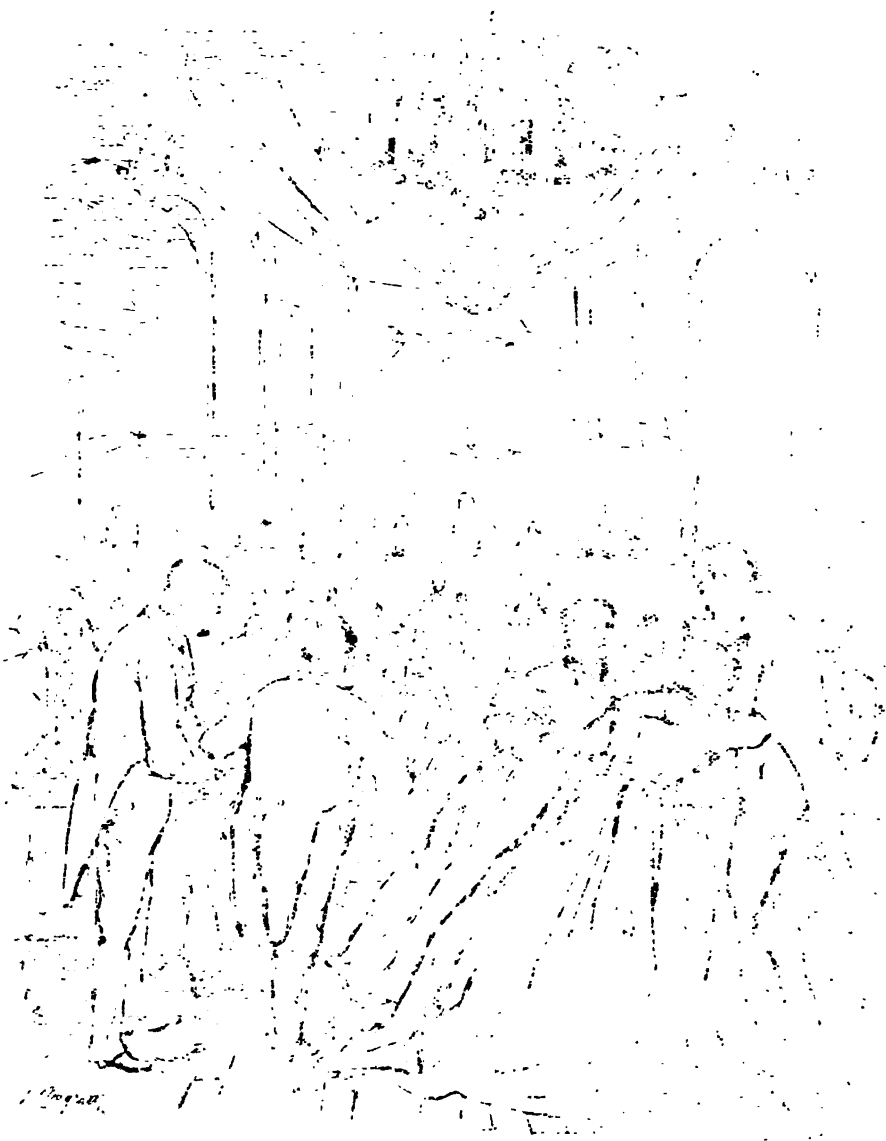
A ND up on high, as a sunset sky, was
The dome all filld wid a hundherd dies,
Which rose and fell, whin the music swellin
Wid sound of thrumpet did fall or rise.
And bannirs tall, hung from freskyd wall, swung ;
Like livin craytures, wid frantic ways,
They wayved about their unspoken shout there
From distant nayshuns in Cyrus' praise.

IN THE SAME STRAIN.

ON silver wyers, that stud like spyers,
To Aist and West and to North and South,
Ran lines of ribbin which widout fibbin,
Brot news as sthrait as the word o' mouth,
The grate Chynees and the Affganhees, and
The Hinndoo sage of the sandy Aist;
And poor white slaves too across the waves too
Bid Cyrus welkim onto the faste.

THE Labradoar min, and ice-boun shoremin,
From Ileinds far in the Northern Says;
And gulf-swipt sans thro of Southern lans too,
From pacefull homes in the Western bays;
From every sod where they bliss their god there,
For mighty powrs that his workmin weeld
O'er land and oshin wid thrue devoshin
Kem thanks and greetin to Cyrus Field.

UPON the tables there shtud the cables,
A peece at laste of the furst and last—
And all the ships too, that made the thrips through,
And carryd the sarpint and made it fast;
And mountin vayses, wid shugar dayseys
And jelleys built like the piramids,
And things that Faroh, or fiddlin Naro
Did niver dhrame in ther drunken fits.



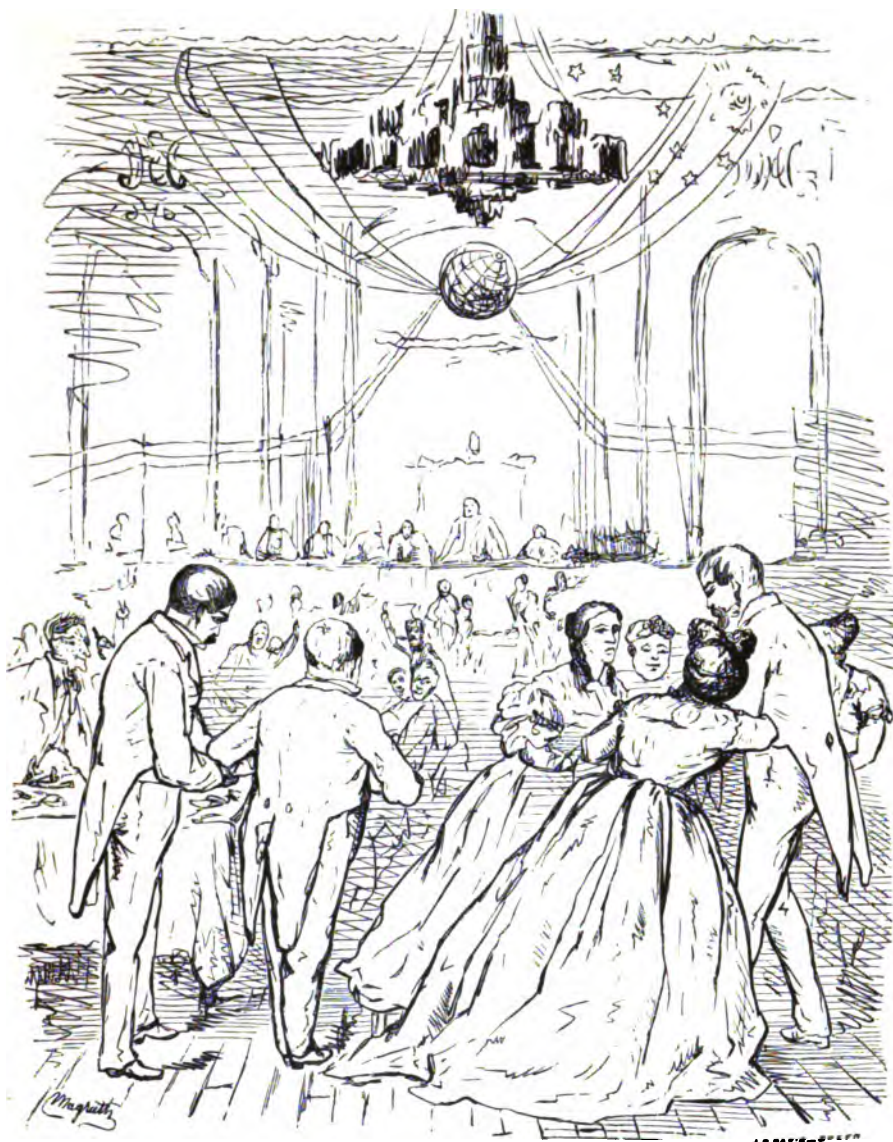
They were the same as the ones
At the old pond in the park
The same ones grew in the
And the old pond and the old pond

IN THE SAME STRAIN.

THEY were the same, the same the pyre
To A. and S. the same North and South,
The same the same the same the same the same
The same the same the same the same the same
The same the same the same the same the same
The same the same the same the same the same
The same the same the same the same the same
The same the same the same the same the same

THEY were the same, the same the same
The same the same the same the same the same
The same the same the same the same the same
The same the same the same the same the same
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THEY were the same, the same the same
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"They cheerd us lowdly—we lntherd proudly
 And gazed wid rapture around the room,
 Till Missis Rooney grew rather swooney,
 Wid exciss of joy and the strong parfume.



HIS DESCRIPTION TERMINATES ABRUPTLY.

AND white camaylias, and crimson daylias
And hundherds sich like giv welkim too;
In eviry corner a joy was born, or
Some wondhrous beauty kem out to view;
And music peelin kem from the ceelin
Where Dodwurth sat like a haythin god,
And spakin Latin did wave his batin,
And rooled the speers wid a Jovial nod.

AS I stud sthrainin to catch the mainin,
That I might tell of these curious things,
And wid precishun fulfil my mishun,
For truth should bliss what the poet sings;
Like one inspyerd, wid janius fyerd
I moved to spake, and had cleerd my throte;
Whin, just the time in to stop my rymin,
The skirt was pulled nearly off my coat.

“WHY, Rooney, man dear, hould out yer hand here,”
Sed frind Obdyke who shtud nixt the doore,
“It’s mighty plaized tho’ you do look crazed so,
I am to see you, come up the floore;
But Mick, my prince, sur, widout offinse sur,
You surely have been a’ dhrinkin sum.”
Sed I, “Your right, sur, for such delight sur,
Makes betther shmiles than Jamaycky rum.”

HE BOWS AND BLESSES.

HERE, take my arm, for I meant no harm, sir,
And come and sate you beside the chare;
I see your lady wid Missis Brady,
And the Smythes and Lows in the corner there.
So up the room, thro' the grand parfume to
The chare we marchd mid the bate of dhrums,
And the people rose, and shtud on their toes, and
The band played up "See the Hayro comes!"

THIN Mister Low he did bow, as tho' he
Wor made on purpose for to act pelite;
And I did thry too, to come as nigh to
A mild exprishun of my own delite;
So down I bint to the Presidint, who
When I got up from that graseful bow,
Did saize my hand so, and sed so grand, "Oh!
My dear frind Cyrus here's Rooney now!"

NOW Cyrus blushed, whin I to him rushed thin,
And lade my hands on his throbbin brow,
And said, "Brave toyler, there lives no spoyler
Can shtale a thred from yer glory now;
My heart wid sighs full, wid tears my eyes full,
I bliss you here in the People's view,
May Faith inshpire us to deeds like Cyrus!"
And the People rose and they blissd him too.

AITIN AND DHRINKIN.

THIN all sat down, and the soup wint roun, and
The fish and mate and the Irish stew,
And the fruits and paste for to whet the taste, or
To build foundayshun for something new.
Wid Roman punch, and the nuts to crunch and
Jellies from Spain and ices Greek;
Wid Clarit oldin and Sherries goldin,
That sint a glow to the dhrinkers cheek.

WHILE thus we took in the best of cookin,
And washed it down wid the best of dhrink,
As duty boun to, I looked aroun, to
Greet all the magnates wid knowin wink.
First to the Chare I did dhrink in Sherry,
And thin to Cyrus in bright Champagne;
Thin to Count Corbal in Shatow Orgal,
And in Burgunday to a lord from Spayne.

JUST thin a wayter came to my sate, "Sur,"
Says he, "the Admiral 'tis proud would feel."
Sez I, "Wid plezhure, tell that ould trezhure
I pledge his helth in the best Mobile."
To Mister Beecher I tossed a screecher,
And one to Horrass took down wid greed,
And thin to Hoffman I nixt did quoff one,
Thin a rousin bumper to Ginerall Meade.

HE TELLS OF THE TOASTS.

THIN Doctor Bellows and all good fellows,
Who keep us shtrait on the crookid way,
I dhrank in port; oh! the good ould sort too,
That goes down aisy like dhrinkin tay.
Wid many anodher, who called me brodher,
I dhrank in tumblers of prime Layfitt,
Nor missed the ladies in wine from Cadies,
That melts to luv and inshpires to wit.

AS aitin over we sat in clover,
“Plaise come to ordher,” sed Mister Low,
“To fill aich glass now the bottles pass now,
I give the furst toast upon the row;
’Tis your Prisdint, whom the Lord has sint
To work his wondhers, if he sint at all,
Whatair his caypers, I swear by Jaypers
He’ll come out right yit before ye all!”

AND so they showted, tho’ some few powted,
And others put down ther glass in spleen,
But in good saison they came to raisin
As the chare he bawld out, “Now, boys, the
Queen!
’Tis Queen Victoray, her sowl to glory!
Come dhrink her, boys, and her daycent son.
There’s other varmint desarves a sarmint,
But Queen Victoray is not the one.”

THE GUEST OF THE EVENING.

THIN whin the cheerin gev way to heerin,
The Chare he rose up wid shmile so blan,
And made a spache there no publick taycher
Could bate in grammar, or in langwidge grand
He tould us all, how widin the hall now,
Wid an humble heart sat the modest man,
Who shpite of thrubbles and burstin bubbles,
Wid parsavayrence had matured his plan.

WHO sick or helthy, wid poore and welthy,
Had sthuggled on to his journey's ind,
Nor grudged for others, 'mid toil and bothers,
The ripest years of his life to spind.
Till now, whin scouters and sneerin doubters
Their bitther tongues could no longer weeld,
But joind the korus that sung the glories
The wide world ovir of Cyrus Field.

NOW let us toast him, who well may boast him:
Three cheers for Cyrus and for Cyrus's plan!
God bliss the cable, and shtrong and stable
May proove the wurk of this noble man.
May Freedom's spirit, which we inhirit,
Bate in its pulse through the mighty say!
And iviry hour add to the power—
The people's power and the workers' sway!"

CYRUS RESPONDS.

THIN up roze all min, that mighty hall in,
And cheerd they loudly and cheerd they long,
And dhrained their glasses, while from Parnas-
sus

The band burst out in a mighty song.
"Hurrah for Cyrus! may he inshpire us!
God bliss the power that the toilers weeld!
Hurrah for Freedom! and as we need 'em,
God sind us workmin like Cyrus Field!"

NOW Cyrus rose up, upon his toes up,
And bowd all round to the cheerin crowd;
In turn he blissd thim, and thin addressed thim;
In gracious words he discoarsed aloud.
He there narrayted, what I've repayted,
About his thrubbles from furst to last;
Now all forgottin, this pleasant spot in,
The Present ped for all thrubbles past.

HE thanked the ladies, whose shmile repayed his
Most stormy hours on the roarin deep,
Whin far from home on the Oashin roamin',
He blissd them all whin he couldn't sleep.
He thanked the Chareman who spoke so fair whin
He interduced him unto thim all;
And thanked all others, his friends and brothers
Of every nayshun that was in the hall.



"He thin sat down, and they crowded roun, and
They shuk his hands wid a harty prayer,
Whin my wife and I up, and huggd the boy up,
And all but smothered him in the chare."

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1. *Journal of the American Medical Association*, 1997; 277: 1039-1043.

1. *Journal of the American Medical Association*, 1990; 263: 1025-1026.

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